

An Indian Folk Tale

The Devout Beggar

भक्त भिकारी



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A long time ago, Andhra Pradesh was ruled by a kind and generous king.

Everyday, two beggars Thimma and Somma would go to him and he would give them food and money.



साभार काळ पयले आन्ध्र प्रदेशांत एक दयाळू राय आशिलो.

तिम्मा आनी सोम्मा म्हणचें दोग भिकारीं सदांच ताचे कडेन वयतालें. तांका तो पोट भरी जेवण आनी खरचाक दुडू दितलो.



**On receiving the alms, Thimma would say,
“God is great! He provides for the needy.”**

**Somma on the other hand said, “Hail to our
mighty king! He provides for all in his
kingdom.”**



भीक मेळे परांत सोम्मा “रायाक जयकार. प्रजेंचे कष्टाक राय पावता.” म्हणतालो.

जाल्यार तिम्मा “देव व्हड. कष्टार आशिल्यांक देव पावता” अशें सांगतलो.



This ritual went on for many days. Finally, one day, the king got very angry with Thimma.

He said, “I provide all that he needs and yet he praises God! What has god done for him? Shouldn't he praise and thank me?”



अशें कांय दीस चल्लें. ते आयकून आयकून रायाक
तिम्मा वयर राग आयलो.

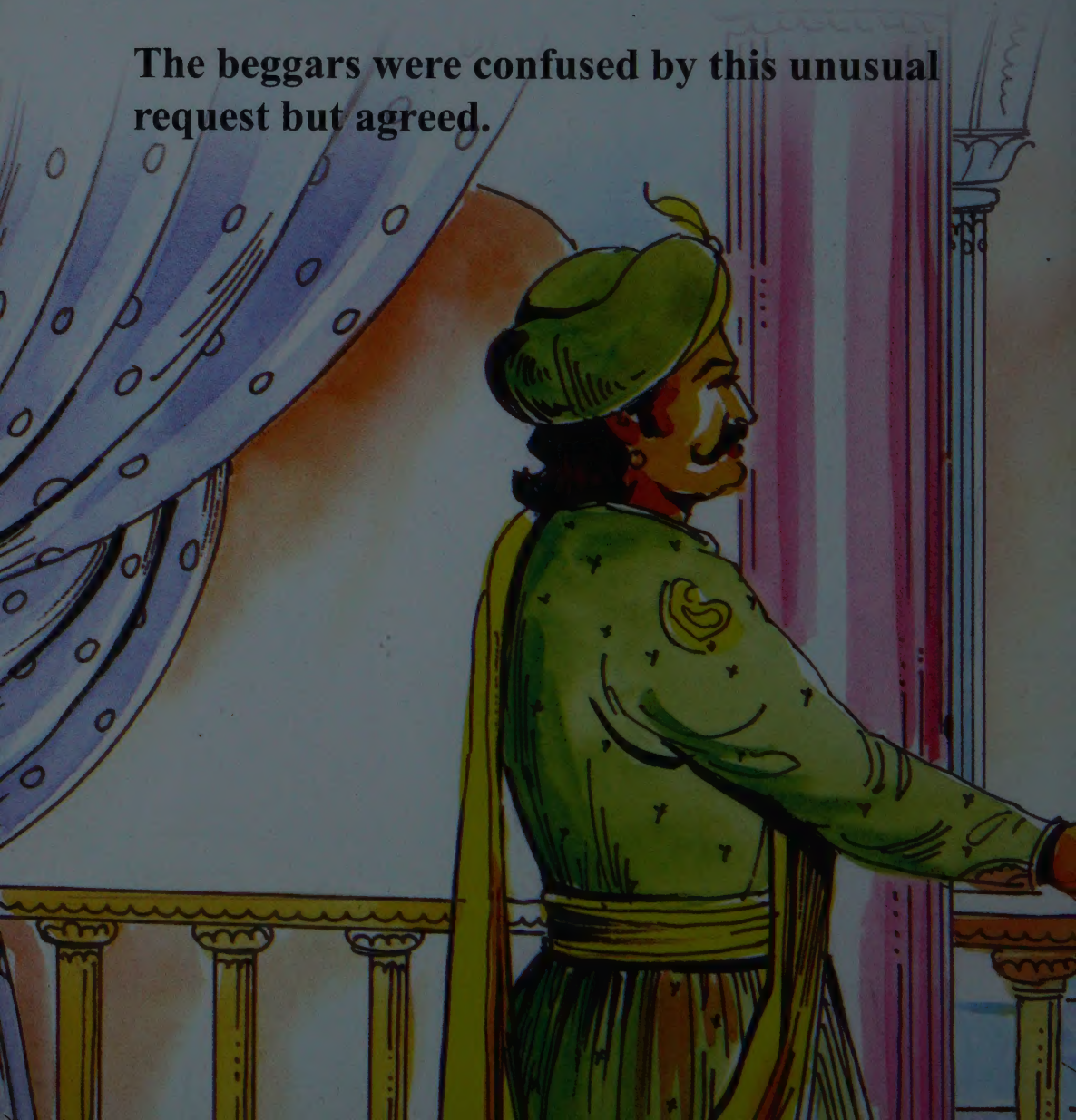
“हांव ताका कितें जायते दिता, जाल्यार तो आभार
म्हणता देवाक. देवान किते दिल्लें ताका. हांव दिल्ले.
म्हाका कित्याक तो आभार म्हण्णा?” चिंतलो राय.



The king then decided, “I will teach that ungrateful beggar a lesson! He must realize who is really providing for him!”

So, the next day, after he gave the beggars their usual alms, he said, “I want you both to use the road that goes around the market place today.”

The beggars were confused by this unusual request but agreed.



“ह्य कृतघ्न भिकारीक हांव शिकयता पाठ. ताका कोळूंक जाय कोण ताका पालता आसा म्हणून” अशें रायान निर्धार केलो.

हेरदिवस, सदांच वरी भीक दीवन जाले परांत राय म्हणालो “तुमी फ़ाटी वयतना सदांचे रस्तो वापर नाकात. आज तुमी बाज़ारा पासून वयचे रस्तो वापरचे बरें.”

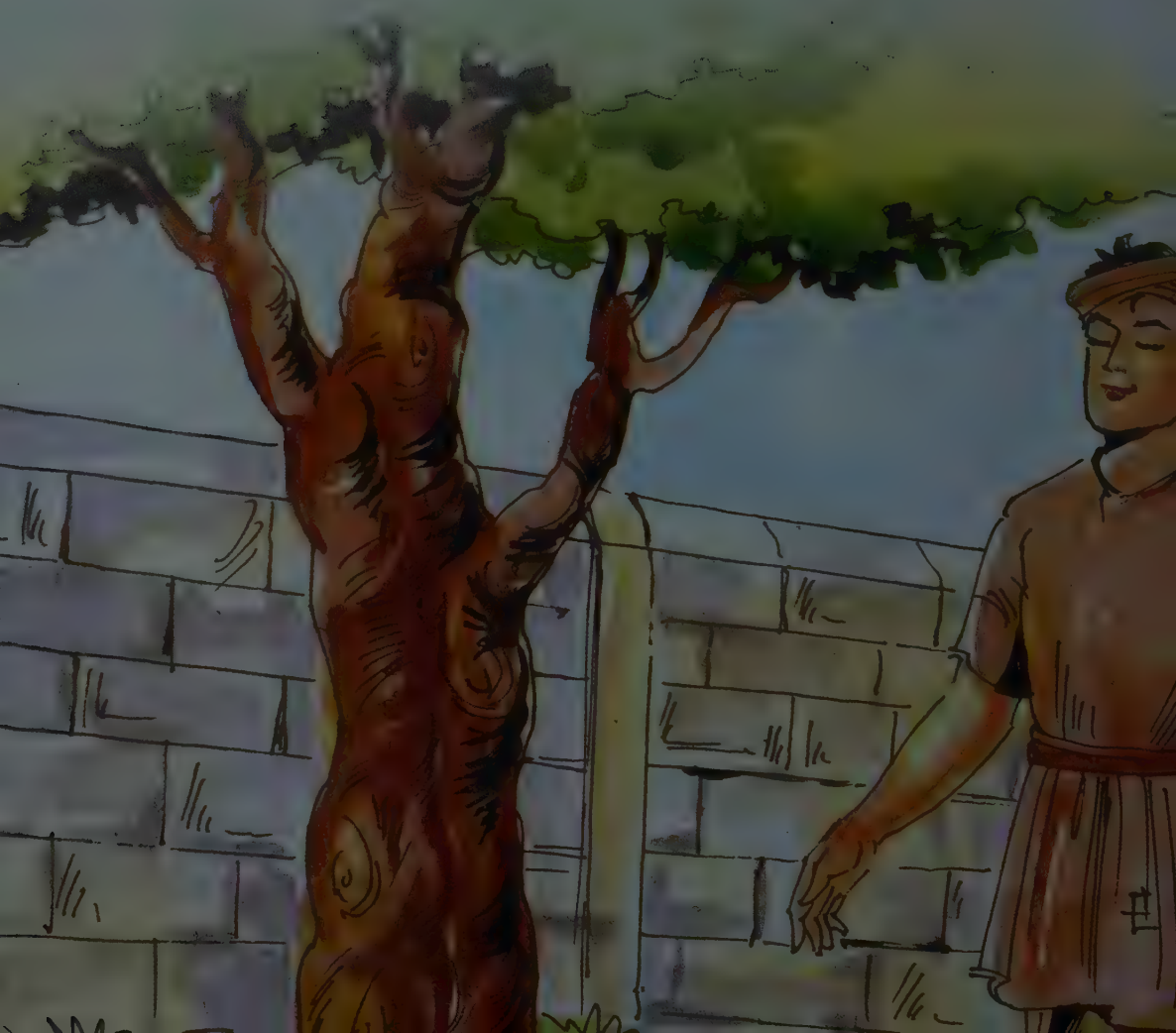
भिकारींक रायाले ही विचित्र सांगणी आयकून गोंदोळ जालो. तरीय तानी रायाचे सांगणी मानली.



The king had placed a purse of silver on the road and saw to it that Somma went first.

Somma wondered at the king's request and saying, "May be the king wants me to enjoy the privacy of this road!" he shut his eyes and walked on without seeing the purse.

Soon Thimma came by. He found the purse and was ecstatic.



ते रस्तेर रायान रुप्पे पावलीं एक ल्हान पोटलींत घालन एक कडेन पाडयले आशिल्ले. रायान पयले सोम्माक वयचाक सांगले.

सोम्मा चिंतूंक लागलो. “हो! ह्या रस्तेचे एकांत भोगपाक म्हाका गुणी रायान अशेन धडून आसतलो.” ते निमित्त तो दोळे धांपून ते एकांताचे आनंद घेतच चमकलो आनी रायान दवरले पोटली ताणे पळयले ना.

ते परांत तिम्मा ते रस्तेर आयलो. ताका ती पोटली मेळी आनी तो खूब खूश पावलो.



The next day, the king asked them if they had found anything on their way back.

Somma said, “No your majesty, I did not find anything. I just enjoyed its beauty.”

Thimma on the other hand said, “God surely does provide! I got a purse of silver!”



हेरदिवस रायान तांका विचारलें. “काल परत वयतना कोणाकय कांय किते रस्तेर मेळ्ळे?”

सोम्मा म्हणालो “ना राया. म्हाका कांय मेळूंक ना. हां! जाल्यार ते एकांताचे खूब आनंद म्हाका मेळे.”

जाल्यार तिम्मा म्हणालो “देवाले दया. म्हाका रुपे नाण्यांचे एक पोटली मेळ्ळी.”



The king was really irritated. When the beggars were leaving, he gave Somma a pumpkin.

The pumpkin had been hollowed out and was filled with gold. He did not know this and so, he sold it to a merchant for a few coins.



रायाक आनीकय तिडायले वरी जाल्ले. रायान तांका
सदांचे भीक दिल्लें आनी सोम्माक बरीन अपोवन एकी
दुदी दिल्ली.

रायान ती दुदीचे भितर खाली करन तांत भांगर भरले
आशिले. हे गजाल सोम्मा नेणा. ताणे ती दुदी रस्तेर
मेळचे अंगडी व्यापारीक कांय चार कासाक विकले.



A little while later, Thimma passed the merchant's store.

**The merchant was a kind man and so he called Thimma and gave him the pumpkin!
Thimma thanked him and took it home.**

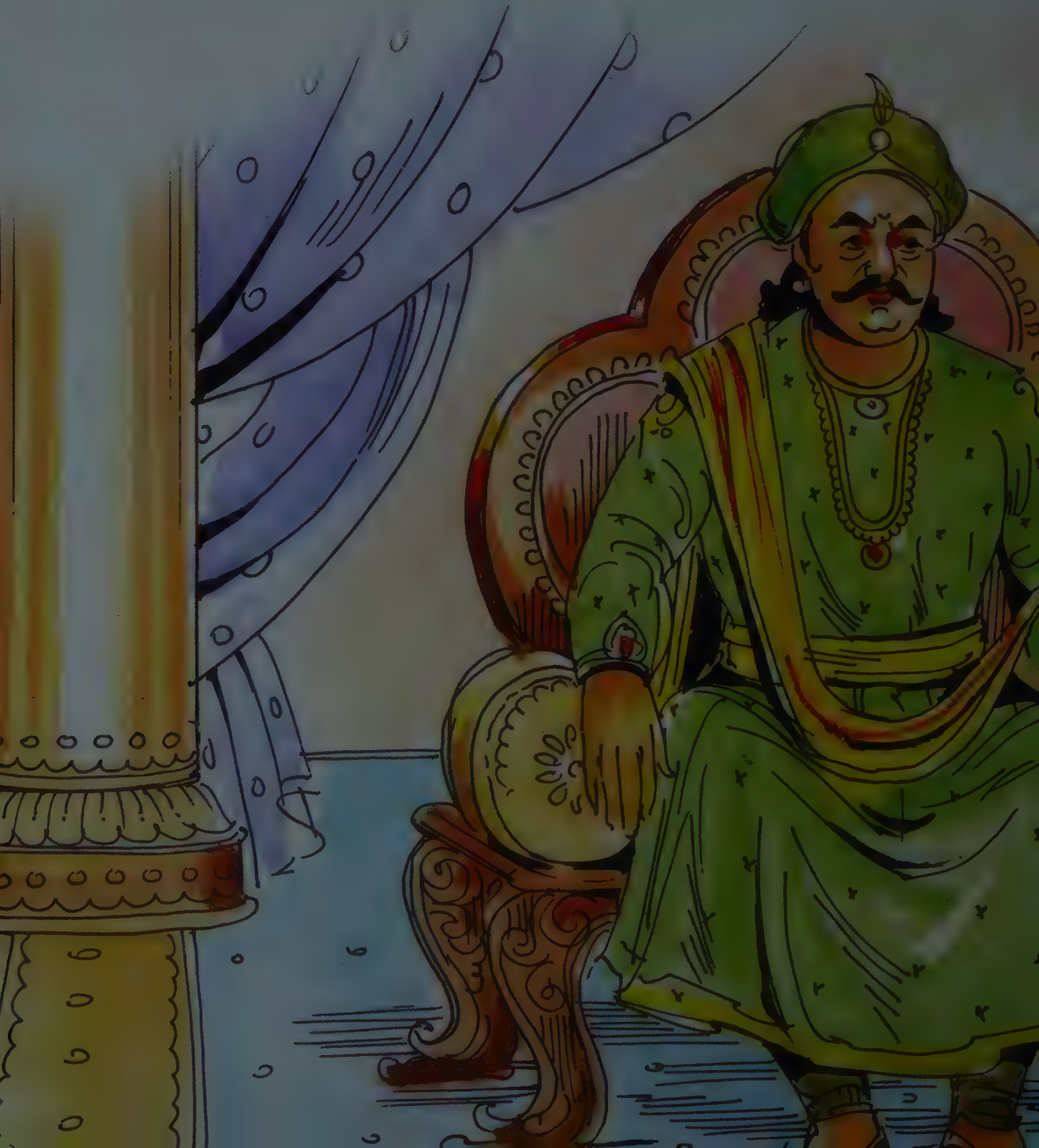


थोडे वेळान तिम्मा ते आंगडीकाराचे मुखारचान वयता आशिलो. तो आंगडीकार दयाळू आशिलो. ताणे ती दुदी तिम्माक भीक दिल्ली. तिम्माक खुशी जाली आनी दुदी घरा घेवन गेल्लो.



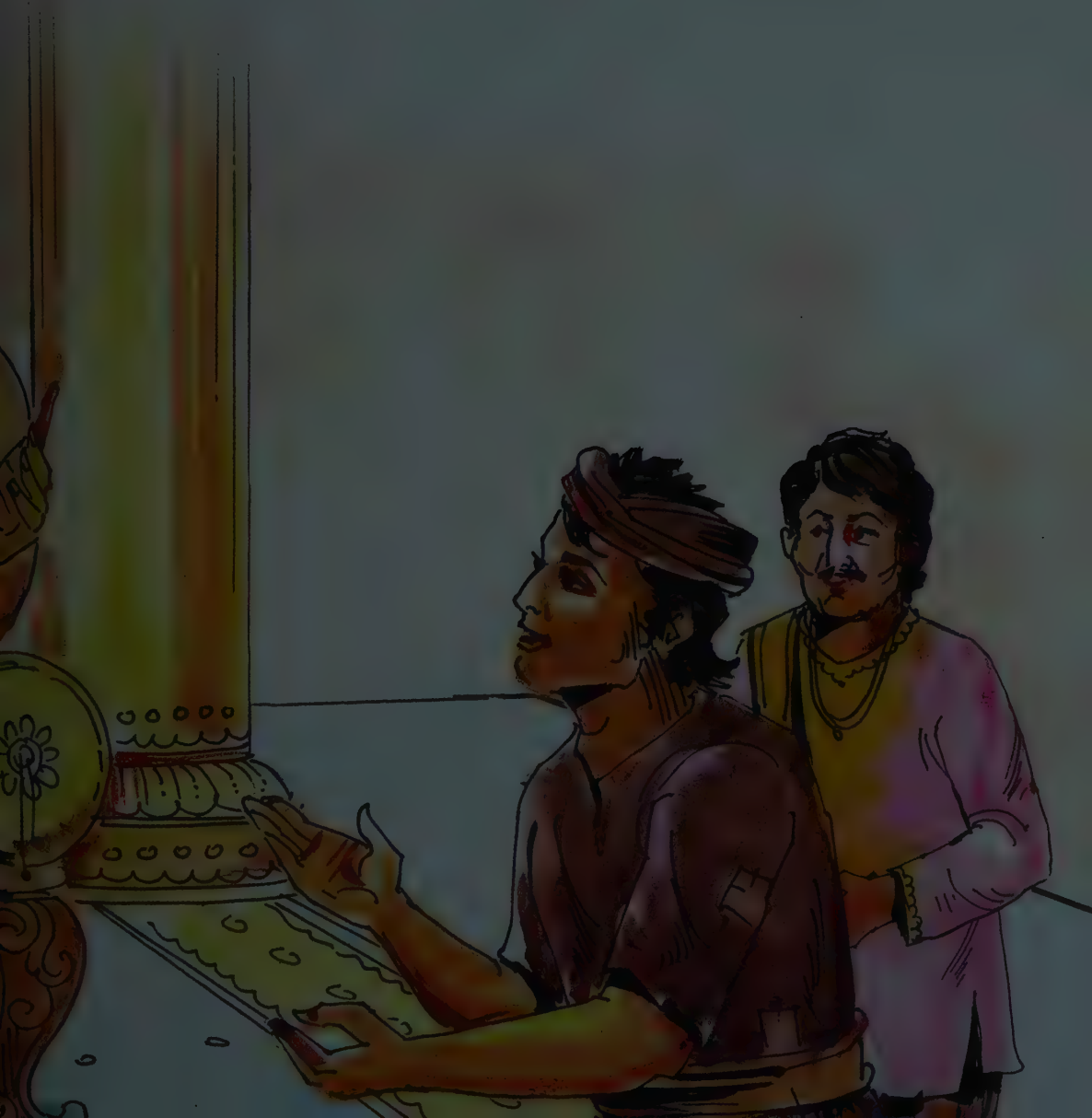
The next day, the king asked the two beggars if anything unusual had happened to them.

Somma said, “No sir, I just earned a few coins more by selling the pumpkin to a merchant.”



हेरदिवस रायान दोगूय भिकारीं सांगात विचारलें.
“कांय तरी विशेष गजाल घडली कितें?”

सोम्मा म्हणालो “म्हाका राया चार कास मेळ्ळो. ती
दुदी हांव आंगडीकाराक विकली.”



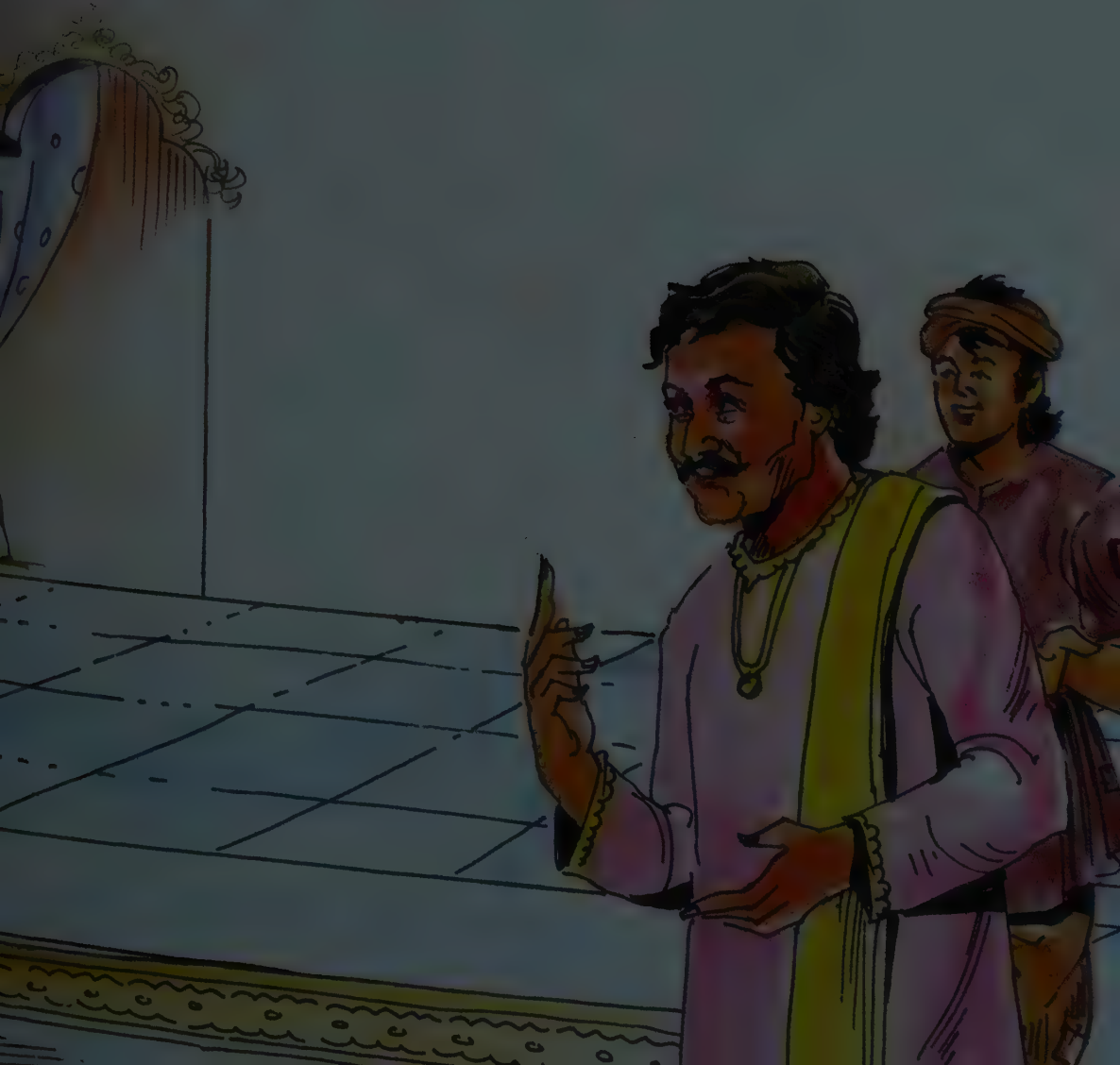
The king then turned to Thimma and asked him if he had earned more than usual too.

Thimma said, “Oh yes sir! A merchant gave me a pumpkin. When I opened it, it was full of gold! God is great!”



रायान तिम्मा कडे पळयले. ताका तिम्माक पळोवन अजाप जाल्ले. तिम्मा आज बरें वस्त्र घालन थंय राबिलो. “हो! तुका कांय किते बरे कमाय जाली?” म्हणून रायान ताका विचारले.

तिम्मा म्हणालो “सकड देवाली दया. एक अंगडीकारान म्हाका एक दुदी भीक दिली. हांवे घरा व्हरन रांदपाक शिंदतना दुदियेंतलेन भांगर मेळ्ळे.”



“I came to tell you that I am no longer a beggar. The gold I got yesterday is sufficient for me to live the rest of my life in comfort! God does provide for his people!” continued Thimma.



“हांव आज दाकून भीक मागचें जरूरत ना.
म्हाका देवान जे काल दिले भांगर ते सगळे जीवन
पर्यंत बयसून खावचे तितले आसा. देव दयाळू.”
म्हणालो तिम्मा.



The king was very frustrated but he had to accept defeat. He acknowledged that Thimma was right.

He thought, "After all, it was God who provided for me and therefore indirectly for these beggars! Yes, God is great! He is the real provider!"



रायाक मस्त निरशेण जाले. जाल्यार तिम्मान जे सांगले ते सत आशिले. रायाक हारोवका पडले. तो तिम्माचे जाप मानलो.

राय आशें चिंतलो "मेजे राज्य आनी संपत्ती तरी देवानच दिले आसा. ते निमित्त हांव किते ह्या भिकारींक भीक दिता ते परोक्ष जावन देवानच तांका दिले आसा. व्हय! देवूच व्हड. तोच सत जावन दाता!"



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